

# THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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## THE LILY.

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Mrs. MARY B. BIRDSALL.  
Editor and Proprietor.

For The Lily.

### THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

BY META MILWOOD.

Concluded.  
CHAPTER IV.

At day break Blane awoke, and rising and taking down a small looking glass that hung by the bedside was stealthily leaving the house when he was arrested by the voice of his wife whom he had not before noticed.

'Stop, Robert,' said she, 'I have something to say to you before you go.'

'Can't a man do what he pleases with his property?' replied he, clutching the glass firmly in his fingers, and turning upon her with a look of fury. But something in the steady mournful gaze that met his, awed him, and he sat down awaiting her communication in sullen silence.

'Robert,' said the injured woman, 'this may be the last time you will hear my voice. I am going to leave you and return to the home of my parents. I have not sought this hour, to upbraid you or to recount my suffering, you will only learn them in the light of eternity. But I would not go without a parting word.'

'Leave me! Caroline, leave me!' he replied in a broken voice (as of one just awakened to the consciousness of something dreadful,) leave your husband to perish in the streets, with no one to care for him? With no home?

'I shall not leave you homeless, Robert. This house is yours to hold, so long as you hold to me the legal relation of husband; and although I can no longer acknowledge you as such by the ties which once united us, I shall not seek a divorce. I have made an arrangement with Simmons, the shoemaker, to take this place. He will remove here with his wife and son. The latter you know is a young man and works with his father. The chamber which my children have so long occupied, they will use for a shop; and this room which I have spent so many wretched days and nights in, will be yours. The furniture I shall leave for you. This, Robert, is the last I can do for you, and if you consent to the arrangement you will have a home with those you cannot harm.'

Her voice was calm as she spoke. Not a muscle betrayed the inward agitation. And as her now conscious husband gazed upon her, she seemed transformed into an angel before him. He placed his hand before his eyes to shut out the gaze which seemed like a fiery dart to penetrate his soul, and paced the floor with rapid yet unsteady strides. At length turning suddenly towards her he ejaculated:

'You are an angel, Caroline! A being utterly unfit to associate with such a wretch as I. I do not ask your forgiveness, I am unworthy of it; but go and be happy.' The poor inebriate bent his head upon his hands and wept like a child. Encouraged by his tears Mrs. Blane continued.

'I have one thing more to say, Robert, before we part. I entreat you one more to leave the intoxicating bowl and to make your peace with God before it is forever too late.'

'It is too late,' murmured the wretched man.—'I cannot reform, cannot repent. The worm is knowing my vitals and I can't resist its cravings, while the temptation is before me.' Caroline, he continued, and his eye grew wild, and his whole form seemed to dilate while his voice rose to its highest pitch. 'Had I the power I would collect all the ardent spirits in the world in one vast pond above the bottomless Pit, then would I lay hold of the key, unlock its chasm, give one infernal yell, and dash it in.'

His clenched hand descended with such force as to shiver the glass, which he held, into atoms, yet he still grasped the frame and stood there the very personification of the demon he had represented. Soon the paroxysm passed off.

'Good by, Caroline, he said,' extending his hand and then withdrawing it, 'no, no I will never again contaminate a being so pure by my vile touch.' He left the room and paused at the chamber door. 'My boys, my bright beautiful boys,' he said, as if to himself, 'and my darling Annie.—O, Heavens how have my dark deeds eluded their young years! O, for something to drown this reflection!' It needed no prophet to tell where he was going.

Mrs. Blane sat motionless in her seat until aroused by the voice of her neighbor, saying that her coffee was boiling and the steak and hot cake already prepared for their breakfast, and she had come in to assist in getting the children ready.—The little boys were aroused and Annie, who had just returned from Mr. Grovener's where she had spent the night with Julia, and from whom she had parted with many tears and regrets; now brought out her mother's travelling dress and arranged her cap. Bob Gubbins was at the door with his wheel-barrow on which the trunks were placed to be wheeled to the platform, and they all bid adieu to the miserable place they had so long called home.

'How I wish I was a man,' said Mrs. Gubbins, as she poured a cup of coffee for Mrs. Blane, and helped Willie to another hot cake. 'I'd see if there couldn't be something done to stop these doggeries. There ain't no spunk in the men no how. They tell about women being such weak creatures, but just give 'em a chance and see what would be done with such dens. I really believe they'll have to take it in hand yet, and smash em up. I'm ready, for one, and it seems as if I'd be awful strong in such a case. Well I'm glad you're going, for your own sake, you've suffered enough, Lord knows, but then it'll seem hard for me; I never expect to have another such a neighbor.—How we shall miss Annie's bright eyes peepin in and enquire in so kind after the old man's rheumatism, and Bobby won't think he can hardly git along without Jimmy and Georgy.'

The sound of the stage-horn gave the signal of departure, and Mrs. Blane wept for the first time that morning as she pressed the hand of her kind friend, who, though rude and uncultivated and dissimilar in nature to herself, nevertheless possessed a true woman's heart, and had been to her in many an hour of darkness and trial a sympathizing friend and protecting genius.

Once more established in the home of her childhood, Mrs. B. felt her spirits approaching a degree of tranquility to which she had long been a stranger. Her children had been trained to orderly habits and seemed to prove much more of a comfort than annoyance to their grand-parents who still retained to a remarkable degree their freshness and vigor.

But new trials and afflictions awaited her.—But a few months had passed when her two youngest children fell the victims of a contagious disease, then raging in the neighborhood, and were laid side by side in one grave. Hardly had she recovered from the first severe effects of this shock when her father was suddenly seized with a paretic stroke which rendered all further attention to his business impracticable. One year more found Mrs. Blane situated in a small cottage with her two remaining children as wholly dependent upon her own resources as before. The business of her father had passed into the hands of her only brother, an unprincipled man who had removed his family into the paternal mansion, and taking the advantage of the growing imbecility of his father and regardless of the feelings of his aged mother had assumed an undue authority over the household, and as it were driven from the protection of its roof his only and more than widowed sister. If any show of excuse could be found in this, it was in the fact of his having married an ignorant and conceited woman who, envious at the contrast exhibited between her children and those of his sister, had used all her influence against her. For a time Mrs. Blane put forth every effort to retain her children in school. James had entered upon a course of study and bid fair to become a proficient scholar, while Annie was her assistant; indeed her chief dependance in household matters. Her comforter and counselor. A protecting genius to her brother, and a favorite with her teacher and friends. Finding, however, that her means were wholly inadequate to her plan of liberally educating her children, and disdaining to apply to her brother for that help to which she was entitled, she conceived the idea of removing her boy from school and apprenticing him to a tradesman. This plan met the decided disapprobation of Annie, to whom it was confided.

'Never, dear mother,' she said, firmly, 'if I can prevent, shall my brother be removed from the influences which now surround him, to the evil associations of an unguarded life amid vicious companionship. And is it not true that the masters of nearly if not all the work-shops have no care over their apprentices beyond their hours of labor. O, mother! think of the temptations that would surround him! Think if James should become!' she paused and burst into tears.

'What shall be done?' groaned Mrs. Blane, in an agony of spirit.

'I have it! A thought strikes me,' exclaimed



Annie, as she passed her taper fingers across her pure white forehead and pressed her throbbing temples. "I will accept the offer of a place in the village school of A—. The compensation is small, but by strict economy I shall be able to assist you, dear mother, more I believe than you can imagine. I will devote all my leisure hours to needle-work and send home the avails."

One week more found our heroine prepared to take her departure from home, to enter upon duties new and untried; yet young as she was, her heart quailed not. Taking a seat in one of the passenger cars which was to conduct her to her destination, she beheld, on an opposite seat, a middle aged gentleman of a benevolent and prepossessing countenance, attentively regarding her. During a temporary suspense of motion, he entered into conversation with her, and on learning her history, which she frankly confided to him, informed her that he had known her father in his better days. Was his class mate in college, and an intimate friend. He commended her spirit and energy, and on parting gave her his card, on which was inscribed "Dr. G. L. Weed, Principle of C. Union School," informing her that a situation should be in readiness for her should she choose to accept it at the close of her present engagement.

We pass over five months of trial and loneliness enlivened only by the consciousness of doing good; and find her established in the C. Union School, at a liberal compensation for her labors, which seemed to be duly appreciated by the benevolent head, and the circle of pupils to whom she has greatly endeared herself. Her letters from her mother and brother bring encouraging accounts of James' progress and frequent acknowledgements of their indebtedness to her.

Julia has not forgotten her amid all the changes, but continues to keep her advised of all matters of interest at the Parsonage of N—, although she strictly refrains from mentioning any knowledge she may have of her father.

Welcome indeed as are these messages, yet there is a superscription in a well known hand which causes an indescribable sensation of the heart as she breaks the envelope the contents of which bring to her a greater degree of joy than all others. In the inmost recesses of her heart the image of Charles Wentworth is enshrined and though he has never breathed a declaration of naught save a brother's love; there is something in the tone of his letters which speaks to her of a heart beating in holy unison with her own. For some weeks now this welcome superscription has not greeted her anxious eyes and sad forebodings are beginning to rise in her usually placid bosom. His last was a hasty note informing her of his return home to enter upon the profession he had chosen and of the alarming illness of both his parents. On leaving the school room one evening Annie was accosted by the post-boy who handed her a letter. A glance showed it was from Julia. She opened it and read:

"DEAR SISTER ANNIE:—Will you forgive me for withholding any secret from you. I know you will when I meant it only as an agreeable surprise. I am about to be married, and of course my Annie is my chosen bridesmaid. I shall leave you to guess who is to be the bridegroom. We have long loved each other but not until lately have we been aware of the mutual preference; my parents sanction my choice and with their blessing I shall be happy. You must inform me when your vacation takes place so that I can make arrangements accordingly. Charles, who will of course be here, will come for you a few days previous to the wedding. Yours ever,

JULIA."

The note dropped from Annie's hand but quietly regaining it she sought her chamber. After regaining sufficient composure she sat down and taking her pen wrote as follows:

"DEAREST JULIA:—Your kind (she might have said unkind) note is just received, and permit me in reply to say that I sincerely congratulate you upon the consummation of your happiness in being united to the man of your choice. You leave me to guess who is the chosen one. That, dear Julia, I can easily do. I know of but one who is worthy of you; wed him and be happy, but dear-

est sister ask me not to be present at the nuptials ceremony; I cannot for reasons best known to myself. Farewell, may Heaven's choicest blessings be on thee.

ANNIE."

Never before was Annie so completely wretched. In vain did she urge Julia's claim to his preference and love. In vain accuse her own heart of weakness and undue trust. In vain endeavor to school her feelings into submission. All was of no avail; and like the wounded dove, she only the more closely pressed the wing to conceal the arrow that was ranking beneath it. A summons to the bedside of her mother who was prostrated by disease, brought a suspension of the acuteness of her grief at this event. As she watched with anxiety each alarming symptom her thoughts were turned from her own sufferings to those of her loved parent and vain regrets gave place to anxiety and the prompting of filial love and duty. Under her ready skill in nursing, however, the disease gave way and Mrs. Blane was rapidly approaching convalescence, when a despatch from Mrs. Simmons informed her that her husband was suffering from a violent attack of *delerium tremens*, from which he would probably never recover. "He raves dreadfully," wrote Mrs. S. "and I fear you'll not be able to stand it if you come, but I would not break the promise I made to you when you went away, to let you hear from him if he was sick or suffering."

As her mother was in no state to go to his relief, Annie offered to undertake the mission. Pen can never describe the horrors of the drunkards death bed. When the soul suffering all the torment of the damned, yet encased in its clay tenement, is raving and struggling to be free. The hideous shrieks, the yells, the oaths can only be witnessed, not described.

Blane had intervals of consciousness. In one of these he partially recognized his daughter, yet deemed she was an angel returned from another sphere to mitigate his sufferings, and besought her to keep near him when the demon approached to torment him, and ward off their thrusts.

It had been necessary to have the presence of strong men to hold him in his agonies, but as nature gave way and his end approached, he became passive and child-like.

It was a sultry morning in August. Annie had drawn aside the curtains for the free circulation of air and stood chafing his benumbed limbs, as two gentlemen were ushered in by Mrs. Simmons; looking up, she recognized Mr. Grovenor and Charles Wentworth. A faint exclamation escaped her lips, and for a moment she was disconcerted but with one effort gaining the master of her feelings she extended a hand to each.

Charles would have pressed her to his heart but something in her manner awed him and he stood contemplating her increased loveliness, while the Pastor approached the bedside to try to minister to the wants of the dying man, but his answers were vague and incoherent; and he soon retired, leaving Charles alone with Annie. I will not recount the scene that passed by the bedside of the unconscious and dying father. Suffice it to say, Charles Wentworth, after performing the last sacred rites in the interment of both his beloved parents, was hastening on his way to C— to declare his love for Annie, and solicit her return with him to fill the vacancy in his lonely home.

A letter announcing this intention was lying in the Post Office at C—, as also was one from Julia, correcting her mistake in supposing that her intended union was with Charles. Here all was explained, and as Charles now pressed her not unwilling form to his heart and received from her lips the first assurance of love, both felt that no formal betrothal was necessary to unite hearts so truly one.

One week after the interment of her father, Annie stood by the side of Julia, wreathing the bridal rose in her hair. Her meek and loving spirit has found its counterpart in that of a young physician whose services has endeared him to her family as well as to herself; and Henry Merwin is the happy recipient of her heart and hand. A few months pass and Annie and Charles are united in marriage.

Ten years are gone by. A splendid mansion is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth. Two

blooming boys and a blooming daughter gladden their hearts. Mrs. Blane seems to have grown young again in the presence of her loved ones over whom the vigilant maternal care never ceases. Just across the way is a law office on which you may read in imposing characters the names of Wentworth & Blane. James is a partner with his brother-in-law.

Five years more and James attends to the business of the office alone, while Charles is at the capital performing the service which devolves on him from his acceptance of the highest gift in the power of the people of his State to bestow. The highest object of his mission is not lost sight of, and his powerful influence against the legalized traffic in ardent spirits is felt.

We turn to Annie. Domestic ties have not weakened hands her or discouraged her heart. Ever intent upon the reformation of one sex and the elevation of the other, she has established a paper and her able pen is wielded with a mighty power.

One more record I will add to the sequel of my narrative. As James Blane was one morning walking to his office he met a pale haggard looking woman, enquiring for the home of Charles Wentworth. He pointed her to the door, which she entered and requested to see the mistress of the mansion. Annie came. "Do you not remember me," said the wretched woman. "Do you not remember Mary Grant; who has so many times treated you with scorn and contempt, and heaped insult upon you. O, Annie!" she continued, "my punishment has been equal to my crime; forgive, I pray you, and point me to some way of obtaining an honest living for myself and my suffering children."

Annie calmed the agitated woman and then freely forgave her, and on learning that she had been deserted by a drunken husband who had spent all her property, gave her a place in her office under a competent instructor, (meantime providing for the necessities of her family.)—And the once proud and aristocratic Mary Grant is now a beneficiary of the despised Annie Blane, The Drunkards Daughter.

For The Lily.

#### Barbarous Customs—Chivalry—The True Light.

EDITOR OF LILY:—I was deeply impressed by some historical facts contained in your little sheet some time since, respecting woman's lot in barbarous nations. We knew all this before; but somehow facts were portrayed with so much feeling and accuracy; that we could but weep, not only at woman's lot there and elsewhere, but with almost anger that our pen had so long been silent and that our lips had not had more fervor in endeavoring to extirpate from our midst the remains of those unchristian notions.

I have often looked on girlhood and even womanhood as it floated down the summer stream of life, wasting time in frivolity and vain amusements ornamenting the person, instead of adorning it with that heavenly beauty, which a highly cultivated mind controlled by Divine influence, alone can give. How little methought they knew what woman owes to the world and to her maker, by the coming of Christ; woman's friend at all times and in all places, could there be civilization without it; it could never do what the ushering in of this new era has done.

We used to think France one of the most enlightened and chivalrous nations in the world.—We do not feel disposed to doubt its character in this respect now, but our faith that this was sufficient for the elevation and enfranchisement of woman, if I had had any, was entirely lost when Stephen Grellett, a minister in the society of Friends, and a Frenchman, related among other things, he saw, in his varied and extensive travels, was a woman yoked with a mule to a plow,



and a woman driving. This methought in chivalrous France, something more must be necessary for the true elevation of woman, to establish her as her making would have, on an equal footing with man.

Similar scenes, I have been told by a friend who very recently visited Europe, occur not only in France but are very frequent in other parts of the continent. One day he observed from the coach window two women in harness drawing a canal boat, while the lazy boor sat upon it smoking his long pipe, with great apparent satisfaction and comfort. But it will be asked, has not the Bible been there. It may be, perhaps, locked up in some church, may be on the shelf covered with dust; but this we know its blessed contents has been unheeded. As it is in all parts more or less where woman is not recognized as man's equal.

Then we see her performing all sorts of drudgery, because the men have been killed in war.—And yet when voting is spoken of, she is told if she votes she must fight. We do not believe it is right for *either man or woman* to fight, but if I could take my choice of even the hardships endured, it would balance in favor of the army.—But our brothers say there may be a little glory there, it is dangerous for woman. Glory! honor! it belongs to the woman who stays at home; cares with zealous care for the home band, plods through divers labors and watches her weary years away.

Then women of America applaud not a wholesale murderer. This would be one means of blotting from this beautiful earth, wars and all the distress and horrors attendant; give him not your best place in the parlor, your warmest place in your hearts. A crown and a coronet to our great ones is a poor return to those poor women who not only suffer the pangs of maternity, but bear the heat and burden of war's direct effects.

Woman should never suffer the desire to please, to be at the expense of her just rights; social, moral or religious. There must be firmness if we would be victorious. This will cost an effort to those who have been taught to look to man as protector, provider and priest; but like our fathers of the revolution, posterity will do us justice. It is but a small sacrifice when we remember "life is earnest, life is real," and they have told us, "who would be free himself must strike the blow."—Truly the down-trodden are despised; but we must learn to despise the caress that would leave us penniless in old age. Things we know not we must search out. Ignorance in woman, as it respects laws by which she is governed, is no virtue. For we have so much less humanity about us than those that frame the laws, that mostly the codes for woman are entirely different from man's. Oh! we are the weaker vessels, and the law Blackstone says "was made to protect the weak;" sisters, we reply, search for yourselves if these things be so!—Look out for that woman that says she has a kind massa, and rights enough; she is most profoundly ignorant or else very cunning. If I were with the slaves and heard one use that expression, I should think he meant to run away ere another day.

The Jews' religion was not sufficient to exalt woman, but was often made use of to degrade her. A man could (and I think can now) write a bill of divorce and put her away without any cause, Judge or Jury.

Christian women, let us think on these things; let us by fulfilling the law of Christ in our hearts, teach our brothers that the first commandment

was to do unto others as we would they should do unto us. Let us not trifle with our time and talents God has given us; but offer all unto him who will make us just returns of love, mercy and justice. Do you ask what then should we do.

God never said, follow me, but He gave something to do. If we have capacity, intellect; that is our Divine diploma. Look at our sisters yet in heathen darkness, look at the bigotry and superstition where light has dawned. Be faithful in a little that we may be made ruler over much; gird on our armor and have for our motto, peace on earth and good will to men. The most efficient means to accomplish which is "equality of the sexes." **M. S. BEATTY.**

Aurora, N. Y.

For the Lily.

MY DEAR H—What shall I say—what can I render for your soul-cheering and welcome letter? Such as I have, give I unto the Creator and Father of all—a simple heart offering of gratitude, for the cheering consolations of friendship, and and that I possess a heart capable of appreciating the same.

Oh that I could impart to you the joy it affords me to receive a letter from a FRIEND. In a desponding moment, when the sorrows of earth gather thickly around, threatening to crush this stricken and bleeding heart, how often do my lips give utterance to this sentiment: "O tell me I yet have friends, though friends I never shall see"—to know that I am still held dear in the memory of those with whom I once associated—that my weal or woe lies near their heart, and that from within the sacred precincts of the soul arises a prayer that I may be protected and sustained through this uncertain journey of life, bears me above all suffering, and enables me to "bear to live."

Were it not for these few bright spots, these oasis that we occasionally meet, earth would indeed be a barren waste to the weary traveler.—These poor hearts of ours need much of sympathy and love, and yet how selfish we sometimes are in withholding the kindly smile or cheering word, which renders us no poorer, but would add joy and blessing to many a desolate one.

As month after month is gliding onward, and the chain of experience is lengthening, the desire increases that my life may be such "that others may be happier because I have lived." And yet I sometimes regard my life as utterly worthless.

Can it be that I have lived in vain—that my existence must be all a failure? When I meet such words of encouragement as your letter affords, I abandon such depressing reflections, and resolve that my influence shall stimulate them to nobler purposes, and to a higher appreciation of the good and true.

You will no doubt be surprised to learn that I have left Central New York, and have located myself in this far-away corner of Ohio. To me it seems a long distance, far from my dear and cherished friends, and native land, and yet in this age of lightning travel, it is in reality but a few hours separation. Were this life one continued monotonous scene, gilded only with pleasure and harmony, as you and I once regarded it, when in our childhood days of ignorance and innocence, we wandered only in flowery paths, then indeed a change of this kind might be worthy of record; but we have both long since learned that we are being borne on the resistless tide of circumstances, and ever subject to the winds and waves of prosperity or adversity.

Change is impressed on all existences. We know not to-day where to-morrow will find us.—The thoughts of the present, may give place to others of a widely different character next week or next month. Ideas and opinions once held sacred are strangely superseded by others equally dear, and in a few years these again give place to those which appear more progressive and better calculated to elevate and spiritualize the elements of our nature.

The green leaves have just now put forth from the gray desolate branches of the forest tree. From

the bud the blossom bursts, then the fruit in embryo comes crowding along, and the flowers fade from our sight.

The child who but a few years since was conning the first pages in life's literature, has become a worker for humanity, and when we enquire for the boy, we are pointed to one who ranks high in wisdom and knowledge. So continually within and around us, are changes constantly going on.

For The Lily.

#### HUSBAND'S SHIRT BUTTONS.

How many articles we see in the papers written by women, concerning the vexing annoyance of sewing shirt buttons on their husband's sleeves, when they want to be about some literary or pet pursuit. Any woman who will write about being obliged to sew, a shirt button on after the shirt is on her husband's back, publishes her own indolence and want of system, and ought to be vexed more by conscience than she is by the annoyance.

No shirt or any other garment ought to be put away from the ironing table out of repair. One cause of this universal tribulation is the want of system in the housekeeper, a strong distaste for mending, and the great trouble of collecting materials.

When I see the scattering places for patches, thread, buttons, thimbles and needles, most housewives have, and the by-away corners in which their ragged garments are tucked, I do not much wonder at the dreaded trial of mending.

I was conversing with Mary Blount, (my model housekeeper,) the other day on this great source of unhappiness.

"Wife, here is a button off," when she gave me a few practical hints and examples which I will jot down for you.

She had been married ten years, and in that time her husband had never asked her to sew on a button or string after the garment was on. Her system was this: A basket set beside her ironing table, into which was neatly placed every garment which needed mending. This basket was then put up on her sewing stand, which she described to me. A lady of wealth can have one made to order, and any housekeeper can make one if she has not the means to order one.

A toilet stand, with a curtain to the floor, underneath a box, in which is placed rolls of patches of all descriptions; above that a swing shelf, on which are boxes of thread, hooks and eyes, buttons, yarn, in fine every article needed in sewing or repairing garments. The top has a fancy cover, as taste may dictate. When seated by that stand, every thing is at command, and before she feels it, the work is done with alacrity and pleasure, and she says she would not give her moments of gratification when the last repaired article is neatly laid in the accustomed drawer, for the finest sentiment ever written, and she is as capable of appreciating literary gems as the brightest intellect in the country.

Duty is the source of one, as beauty is the source of the other. She is one of those housekeepers who is never hurried; when the time comes every thing is ready for the time. She is harmonious with work or leisure. All the morning over the washtub, and all the afternoon over the page, is the same to her, for the inner spring of all her actions is to draw from the Great Source of Order light for the minute, orderly arrangements of life, and nothing too trivial to soul-ify. She will even make poetry out of mending, for she says it lifts up the unfortunate past to meet the wants of the future.

LIZZIE DALE.

Airy Dale, New London, O.



# THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., JUNE 1, 1856.

## Woman's Rights Meeting.

The next quarterly meeting of the Indiana Woman's Rights Association will be held in Richmond, on Saturday, the 14th of June. The attendance of the members is particularly requested, as some important business will be before the Association.

H. BIRDSALL, Sec'y.

## Kansas and Woman's Rights.

Discord reigns throughout our country. The Kansas question has every appearance of shaking our domestic institutions to their very centre. We would that it might shake apart the good and the evil that are wrapt and woven together, and which are forever fostering the discordant elements of our nature. High time is it that these issues that are trying men's souls, be laid to rest—that the nation may have time and opportunity to foster education and other positive interests. But so long as we have the hideous evils of our various *slaveries* so deeply rooted in the foundation of our institutions, we cannot make any positive advance. We must have a right start. As well might a man attempt to erect a noble and enduring edifice upon one corner-stone, as for mankind to build a free government over the slavery of three-fourths of the populace. And it must be remembered that while three-fourths are in slavery, the remaining one-fourth cannot possess true freedom.

Woman must be free, *every soul* must be free, ere the glorious idea of a republican government can be successfully carried into practice. Woman must be free, and have time for the growth of *will strength*, and bodily health and stamina, ere harmony can come to our institutions, and beauty and nobility and durability must come thereafter. We can well afford to battle in the Woman's Rights cause, unpopular though it is, when we see so much of truth and vital interest at its base.

Here in this eddying clamor about Kansas, how many of all the various lauders of liberty would not withhold from any one of God's created beings, the eternal law of Freedom, the only law under which moral agents can live and have their proper being.

A small but noble few, it is true, have no proviso in their bill of rights, but religiously believe that all are free and equal, and all have a right to freedom, the glorious liberty under the Divine rule of our Creator. But *how few* feel so! Consequently we have the fearful struggles, the clashing and roar of inconsistent combatants—the din of angry, fiery debate—the thunder and lightning strokes of policies that contain not the moral strength or grace of Truth, and which have no other resource to clear the atmosphere of those annoying, those galling tendencies towards genuine republicanism, but braggadocio and brutal violence. But it will not do; such arguments do but stir the purer elements, and it will be found that finally the Right instead of being dispelled, has settled closer to every heart.

Wherefore are these vicious manners that are displayed with such impudent boldness, even in the august assembly rooms of the nation? Why is mind paid so little respect? Why do we have so much debased, so much basely directed physical powers? Why so much bitterness, so much meanness, ill manners, envyings, bickerings, so much

irreverence for Law, so much contempt for Religion. These are questions that should bring us to calm thought, and careful, candid investigation. Why do we, as we walk the streets, see so much vice, physical and moral deformity, so little of the Divinity in the human form? O! that woman should have such a degenerate race. Is not the warning clear to our ear, and conscience? Is it not the fearful result of slavery?—*slavery of soul and body*. Do we not hate the freedom of our kind? Do we not look aghast at the individualism of our neighbor? Do we not fear that if he or she is not governed by our rule of pretty propriety, that they will upset the world, disgrace humanity, and bring us personally to ruin? How much fear, yes servile fear, lurks in our souls, fear of one another—not of God, for submission to his will and law is our most glorious freedom.

Why is woman so characterless? Why does she look upon these stirring scenes so uninterestedly? Has she no life interest in them? Ah! has she no soul-stirring interest in them? Yes, but her *will* is so weak that it can't move her tongue to speak, so long and steadily have the chains pressed her soul's energies. Her strength and power and will, need the air of a *free life* to re-suscitate them into life, and through her the strong, noble goodness of the whole human family.

LEWISTON, MAINE, May 14, 1856.

MRS. BIRDSALL—The fragrance of your beautiful plant, blooming in the far-off lands of Indiana, has been wafted by many a propitious breeze, to our Eastern clime, even to the "old pine tree State," and more than this, it has found its way through walls odorous with oil and cotton, echoing to the din of the flying shuttle, the heavy lathe, and the cumbrous frame, and there, amid all the surrounding filth and noise, it has found friends to receive it, and to aid it on its way. Few they are, to be sure, but none the less worthy for that.

For a number of years past, I have been an occasional reader of your paper, and were it in my power to place it before the eyes of every man, woman and child in the world. I should consider it superior to any legacy I could bequeath them of "gold and precious stones."

Perhaps I am too impatient, but when I reflect upon the condition of woman-kind, and of her ignorance of that condition—when I look around and see the thousands, and tens of thousands, subject to the slavery of laws and customs, and not knowing but they are "free as air," it seems as if I could not wait for the consummation of this glorious reform, to be arrived at by the slow and toilsome process with which it must be done. I feel as if I desired that my voice might be strong enough to reach the ear of every person, and my words of sufficient weight to carry conviction to every heart.

I would tell the bride decked for the altar, that many an one as loved and as trusted as he upon whose arm she leans, has proved too weak to control himself when sustained in evil, by tyrannical laws, and as she values her life, her happiness, her peace, her example, to dispense with the galling word *obey*.

I would tell the young maiden, sitting around in thoughtless glee, that there are higher and nobler aims for life than the empty adulation of silly fops, or captivating a husband.

I would tell the proud, stern man, who seats

himself with so much dignity in the legislative hall, that the blessed boon granted to him, the glorious privileges which our fathers and our mothers fought for, are denied to one half of their posterity.

I would tell the man of learning, boasting of the educational advantages of the sainted land of Columbia, to look around him and see to whom these privileges are allowed.

I would tell the man of business, priding himself upon the facilities for acquiring wealth, to see to whom these facilities are opened.

And last of all, and yet more important, I would beseech and earnestly supplicate the parent, to destroy the untoward influences which surround the girlhood of all, and to give to them the same noble incentives to virtue, usefulness, industry and nobleness that are placed before the boy.

I would point out to them the folly, the wickedness and the degradation that must inevitably follow in the wake of such ideas as are now harbored by the young.

I would desire them to teach their daughters that the whole end of life was not to get married, and then their mission on earth would not be fulfilled when this was accomplished. That perchance other duties, other claims, might arise, and make this at least of secondary importance, and perhaps even totally abolished in their individual cases.

I would have them taught independence, to know that they are endowed with faculties, mental, moral and physical, which would enable them to hew out for themselves a path through the world, and not be compelled to lean upon the stronger—stronger because more exercised—arm of a father or a husband.

I would have them taught that the bread of dependence is to that earned by their own hands, as gall to honey; and more than this, I would teach them to enter upon any profession, FASHIONABLE or not, for which their minds and bodies were fitted.

Yours for freedom,

FAUSTINA LEAVITT.

For The Lily.

MRS. BIRDSALL—Your last number being the issue for May day, which has not yet become merry, contains a republication of the New York Legislative proceedings, concerning petitions, or rather claims, for woman's right of suffrage.

Judge Foot, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, to which had been referred some of those petitions, signed by more than 20,000 persons, reported *orally*, but unfavorably, by general denial. Mr. Northup's motion to refer the matter back to that committee, was hastily proposed, and advisedly rejected, because the friends of Reform would have nothing more to do with Foote, who, attempting wit and humor, had only been silly and undignified. Luckily, Miss Lydia Mott, (having charge of the business,) was in possession of some Woman's Rights petitions recently received from Ulster county. They were presented, and as a rebuke for Foote, were triumphantly referred (not to his committee,) but to the committee on claims.

So much for Foote, whose speech, intended to be facetious, reminds of Bishop Bonner's chuckling levity relative to martyrdom.

After a preamble reciting that "the women of New York are recognized by the constitution, and yet are disfranchised on account of sex only."—Those petitions demand the right of suffrage—a right which involves all other rights of citizenship, and one that cannot justly be withheld," and thus proceeds, "it is evident that it cannot be justly withheld when we consider the admitted principles of popular government, among which are the following," to which, in their order, I have added Judge Foote's logical and elaborate argument:



1st. That all men are born free and equal.

*Foot's answer*—The committee is composed of married men and bachelors.

2d. That all government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed.

*Foot's answer*—Ladies always have the choicest tit bits at table.

3d. That taxation and representation should go together.

*Foot's answer*—Ladies have the best seats in cars, carriages and sleighs; the warmest place in winter, and the coolest place in summer.

4th. That those amenable to a system of laws, should have a share in making those laws.

*Foot's answer*—A lady's dress costs three times as much as a gentleman's. Wherefore proceeds this 'Daniel-come-to-judgment,' on the whole, &c., as already published in the Lily.

Compared with such a splendid legislator, profound jurist and sublime genius as Samuel A. Foote, (who has by that mighty mental effort been self-elevated to the head of his profession,) Judge Huribut sinks into mere mediocrity, if not insignificance. Nevertheless, Mr. Northup "deemed the report unworthy the judicial committee. The member from Washington county was mistaken. That report is just worthy of any one who could make it, and such an one, (I will not call him gentleman, nor, what is more, a man,) is just worthy of that report; and consequently they are just worthy of each other, and of the buffoonery exhibited by both.

Samuel A. Foote, unlike his early patron and former uncle, Ebenezer Foote, whose wit resembled that of the English comedian, coarse and pungent, is a dull old foggy, filled with feudal fallacies of the dark ages. His reasoning reminds of the non sequitur of those astronomers, who refuted Galileo's opinion concerning Jupiter's satellites, by the conclusive argument that there being but seven openings in the human head, argued the planets must necessarily be limited to that number.

Judge Foote's successor will probably inform him next winter, that "the world still moves," and that women, who are hereafter to compose a part of it, will not be ridiculed into action, nor consent as legal nonentities, to receive a few trifling civilities as substitutes for their substantial human rights.

LUKE LICHEN.

Saratoga Springs.

P. S.—Judge Foote's ignorance of the law by which, in his own State, woman is oppressed, was made deplorably manifest when he seriously asserted that a drunkard's wife was entitled to her personal earnings for support of her children. He therefore reported on special call against a bill which, proposing that humane application of such earnings, had been referred to the Judiciary Committee. It was a mere transcript of a bill presented the year before by Mr. Hill, of Montgomery county, and upon which Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell commented severely, but justly, at the Saratoga Springs Woman's Rights Convention, last August.

L. L.

For The Lily.

#### A Short Catechism.

BY G. W. KNAPP.

Question. What class in society are best adapted by their education to become the successors of the Apostles?

Answer.—A certain class called LADIES.

Q.—Why?

A.—Because they are expressly educated to become fishers of men.

Q.—If they are educated for fishers of men, do they succeed well in their calling?

Q.—Why not? A.—No.

A.—The reason is they do not use the right kind of bait.

Q.—What kind of bait do they use?

A.—Fashionable foolery and nonsense: in other words, what are generally known as "accomplishments."

Q.—If they do not succeed in taking true men with that kind of bait, what kind of fish do they catch?

A.—Fops, coxcombs and swaggering gents.

Q.—Do they mistake such fish for true men?

A.—Many of them undoubtedly do.

Q.—Can you give me the reason for this delusion?

A.—The pernicious customs of society beget in them a morbid taste, so that they cannot distinguish between a true man, and these trashy, mushroom excrescences of humanity, or rather, it makes them mistake them for such.

Q.—Do they never come to a sense of their error?

A.—Yes, but when it is too late. There is a mysterious property in these pseudo-fishes that restores the natural taste when it has been sated with its unsubstantial substance.

Q.—Do they never regret being caught by such sharks?

A.—Yes, but as it has been said, "it is too late to repent when the evil has come;" their hook is fast, and they must eat the whole fish, should they be so fortunate, or rather unfortunate as to live long enough.

Q.—What are the consequences naturally attended on such ill luck in fishing?

A.—The lady is wonderfully delighted during the first quarter of the honey-moon; all sheds a halo of happiness over the scene. During the second quarter, dark clouds begin to steal over it its silvery face. In the third, it is not to be seen at all more than half of the time; and before the fourth quarter has ended, it has waned entirely. The revolution of the matrimonial globe stops, and the bright sun of conjugal love never makes its appearance.—The fixed stars of cheerfulness, pleasantness, hope, patience, industry, attention and fidelity successively disappear, and leave not a gleam of light to cheer her way. Being thus left in total darkness, her garden is left unweeded, and becomes overgrown with thorns and brambles; and instead of sending up at meals broiled meats of various kinds, rich, savory and tempting to the taste, they breakfast and sup upon "domestic broils," the most unpleasant, unwholesome and disagreeable, cooked over the coals of contention, and seasoned with the spices and nutmegs of anger, strife and bickering. For tea, she uses the leaves of withered affection, steeped in the tears of grief and despair!

Q.—But is there no way in which this unpleasant state of things can be avoided?

A.—Yes, ladies must learn to discriminate between the taste of true fish and sharks, and use the bait that will lure the ones they desire to catch.

Q.—What are the qualities of each, that they may be able to distinguish between them?

A.—One has a shadowy form, is trashy, and mushroomish: the other a solid, sound, substantial thing.

Q.—What bait is it necessary for them to use to catch true men instead of sharks?

A.—The food that will satisfy the tastes and appetites they by nature possess. Sound sense, and a soul above the conventionalities and fooleries of Fashion.

Q.—How may ladies be induced to use the bait necessary to take true fish?

A.—By teaching them that life is a real and not an imaginary existence; that they are women and should qualify themselves to discharge all the multifarious and responsible duties which their nature and condition in the order of things devolve upon them—that they want for partners in life those who will not be

playthings, but such as know and realize the great ends for which they were created. In short, wants not a fop or dandy, who saunters away the hours of youth in idleness and dissipation, and reaps, in after life, the legitimate fruits of their sowing "wild oats." True this is stripping life of some of its romances, yet it substitutes the pictures drawn by the great Ordainer of things.

For The Lily.

#### The Rise and Fall of the Alcohol Family.

An Address before Richmond Social Temple,

BY MISS MARTHA W. BROWN.

Although this family is of ancient origin, and can claim a birth centuries ago, yet we find it not difficult to trace its ancestral line—its progress and destination. It existed not from the beginning of time, and as sure as the march of progress is onward, we know that it cannot continue to the end. Even now can we look down the dim vista of years, when this simoon of the desert shall have ceased to spread devastation and death over the dwellings of man—when the glorious brightness of the sun of Temperance has vivified and rejuvenated the earth, and intellect and genius shall become the victors where now they are the vanquished. It is important that we should know something of the early history of Alcoholic drinks, that we can understand how they have gained such an ascendancy over man, and hence we may be enabled better to remove the causes which may still favor their use. It is also important to know whether the progress of temperance keeps pace with the march of improvement of the present day—whether we as temperance men and women, are making exertions equivalent to the demands of the age.

The agreeable mental excitement which alcohol produces, accounts for its use in early ages. Arnaud de Villeneuve a chemist and physician in 1300, thus writes: "Who would believe that one can draw from wine, by chemical process, that which has not the color of wine, nor the effects of wine? This water of wine," says he, "is called by some the water of life, and it well deserves the name, since it is truly a water of immortality. Already its virtues begin to be known. It prolongs life—it dissipates superfluous and vicious humors—it revives the heart, and perpetuates youth."

Truly the French chemist thought that the balm for the healing of all nations had been discovered. But how vastly different has been our experience from that of the ancients! To them it was the "water of life"—to us the water of death. Instead of prolonging life, we find life to be shortened by its use—instead of dissipating superfluous and vicious humors, it is the god of disease—and alas! youth yields to premature old age, under its influence. But with the view of the French chemist, it is no wonder that it should become so common a drink, the first draught of the infant, and the last of the gray-haired man. Its use was adopted much earlier in France than in England, for it was not introduced into England until near the close of the sixteenth century. It was in the year of 1581 that distilled spirits were introduced among the English soldiers in the campaign in the Netherlands. In America, it is supposed to not have been introduced until after the first century of the settlement of the colonies. "The exposures of the French war," says a modern writer, "and the hardships and disorders of the revolution, naturally tended to diffuse it." Then followed its universal—its national use. Then



came the good old days of rum, gin and brandy—of sling, toddy and punch." While the rich regaled themselves upon French and Spanish brandy, the poorer drank West India and the poorest New England rum. In the South whisky was, (as it now is to some extent) a favorite liquor, besides gin, and apple and peach brandy.

When distilled liquors came into universal use, it is almost incredible to know what a power and control they obtained over the mass, in every grade of society, and every section of the nation. A liquor bill of fare may not be unprofitable nor uninteresting to those who have never felt its universal sway, its wide extended power.

When the pearly gates of morning were opened, and the sun in regal splendor mounted his chariot of ether—the father, mother and children arose and offered libations on the altar of Bacchus—whisky, flavored with mint, was a common drink for morning. Not only did the parents drink, but every child must be animated by its exhilarating power. "At 11, the appetites of such as frequent the tippling shop, were gratified by sling, toddy, flip, etc., while the gentleman left his counting room and office to regale himself at the coffee-house upon iced or hot sling. Ladies gratified a refined appetite with medicated rum, under the chaste name of Huxham's tincture or Stoughton's elixir. Dinner hour arrived, and whisky and water flavored with apples, or brandy, with water, introduced the feast—whisky and brandy, with water, helped it through, and whisky or brandy, without water, secured safe digestion. The sideboard would not again be disturbed, unless to quench occasional thirst, or entertain a friend, until the last appeal was made to secure a good night's sleep."

Indeed, how potent was the influence of this "water of life"—a sure protection against the cold—while it counteracted the excess of heat. The protector from storms and the quencher of thirst—it courted sleep, and banished drowsiness from the eyelids of the watcher—it gave vigor to the weak, and roused the languid. It was taken to drown grief, and again drank to drown ills which itself originated. The orator spoke under its inspiration, and the minister entered the sacred desk, borne up by its magic influence. The tottering man of many winters tremblingly grasped the glass which contained the sparkling draught, and drained it to the bottom. The bright-eyed beauty wreathed the wine-cup with flowers, and gave it to her lover. Over it were vows of eternal constancy, pledged—and wishes for each other's happiness, received its magic seal. Bargains, sales and contracts are concluded with—another glass. The food of the innocent babe tasted of rum, and the prattling child too early learned to ask for "toddy, ma." At funerals it was given to comfort the mourner—at weddings to make joyful the bride. Not less were its boasted *external* effects. The ancient lady applied it to the face to restore the freshness of youth. It removed obstructions from the skin, and restored the hair. Such were the good old days of drams and ardent spirits.

With such, and so many virtues, it is no wonder that the chemist pronounced it the "water of immortality."

Soon after the dawn of the 19th century, the use of distilled liquors had attained the meridian. They were an established article of diet, and numbers indulged in their use without restraint.

And now let us see the results. Sots were

common in both sexes, and of all ages. Large numbers were becoming bankrupt in health and happiness. The father would reel home to his alarmed family, and perhaps meet a son half wild with delirium—both victims of the same deadly foe.

Penitentiaries and jails were fast filling with such as had drunk too freely of the "water of life."

Various diseases, both cutaneous and internal, were the developments of its free use—giant intellects had become enfeebled by its power, and joyful hearts made gloomy and morose, by the re-action of this unnatural stimulus.

In 18e1, an ecclesiastical body called the General Association of Massachusetts Proper had become awake to its pernicious results, and conceived the idea of concentrating public opinion to counteract these growing evils. A meeting was called, and a committee appointed to draft the constitution of a society, whose object was to "check the progress of intemperance, viewed by the Association as an alarming and growing evil."

Such a Society was formed, and consisted of 120 members. Its first meeting was held in 1813, and elected Samuel Dexter, President. Nathan Dane, author of the Ordinance of 1787, and Isaac Parker, successively filled the office of President.

The first steps of this Society were to ascertain the nature and magnitude of the existing evil, and present it to the public. Investigations were immediately made, and the results were as follows:

In 1811 the amount of liquor distilled in the United States was 25,499,332 gallons; this quantity was increased by 8,000,000 imported, and diminished by 133,823 exported—thus leaving for home consumption 23,365,559 gallons—giving upon an average more than 4½ gallons to every man, woman and child in the United States, and in 1814 it was found that 6,000 citizens probably died the victims of intemperance.

In 1830 the number of deaths were estimated at 300,000, and in the same year 72,000,000 of gallons of distilled liquors were consumed, giving on an average about 6 gallons to each individual, or half a gill a day to each man, woman and child. Facts proved that four-fifths of the crimes in the country, three-fourths of the pauperism, and one-third of mental derangement, were attributable to intemperance—that the loss of property—loss of labor—with the cost of crimes and pauperism, when estimated, amounted to a sum which, vested in annuity for 20 years, at 6 per cent., would purchase all the lands, houses and slaves in the United States.

In the coils of the bright-eyed serpent the people had slept on, charmed and fascinated by its power; believing it the "water of life," they quaffed the sparkling goblet with a zest and pleasure unlimited. They loved it, and knew not that misery lurked in the cup. They were unconscious of the seeds of death, which it was rapidly sowing around them. They knew not that headaches, scrofulas, fevers and nearly all the varieties of disease which were developing themselves, were but the fruits of the wine cup. They were only conscious of its exhilarating and exciting effects. It is no wonder, then, that when this Society, (for which we ought ever to thank God,) presented these living facts before them, it is no wonder that under such delusions, they disbelieved and scoffed. So successfully had the serpent charmer fixed their gaze, that they could not break away from his power. The

Society not only set before the people these facts, but many earnest appeals were made by lecturers.

Other State Societies were immediately formed in Connecticut and Vermont, besides auxiliaries in each State. The Massachusetts society continued its operations until 1826.—Early in this year a new impulse was given to the temperance movement by the formation of other Societies on a new plan. All the time prior to this period, the baneful results of the use of distilled liquors had been displayed to the people in the most fearful and startling light. Facts, sufficient to arouse the most indifferent spectator, were established beyond doubt, and yet how few could be induced to believe the water of immortality possessed *eternal death*. True, the names of such men as Dex, Dane and Parker, had an influence in abashing the derision with which the movement was met, but the mass were still incredulous.

But when the pledges of 1830 were offered to the people, demanding an abstinence from malt liquors, the consternation was second only to that produced by the guns of Lexington half a century before. What! sign away my liberty?" says one. "No, never." "As if any one shall dictate what I shall drink," says another; "or fear that I shall become a drunkard!" Ah! was that strong man, that moderate drinker so strong when two years after he lay upon a drunkard's last couch?—Again, the christian replies, "am I not pledged by my church covenant to be temperate?" "Nay, sooner will I have my right arm cut off," said a Baptist deacon, "than sign a temperance pledge, and thus prove the insufficiency of my christian vows." Such objections did this innovation have to meet. At the sewing circle and tea-table the ladies weekly enquired, What is the new temperance movement? And if one of the pledged chanced to be present, she would explain its noble purposes to her astonished audience, while they secretly thought her a deluded enthusiast. Nevertheless, the work progressed surely and successfully for years. It was not confined to the Eastern States, but made a most triumphant march west. I recollect well the day that a pledge came to my father's, and when all the names of the family had been written but mine; father turned to me and playfully asked if he should write mine, too? I was the least of the household and had seen but four summers. My father's enthusiasm had rendered it to my mind a great thing, and I climbed upon a chair and stood by his side, while he wrote my name, feeling a pride little inferior to that of a Cesar. But that little act, so trifling in itself, implanted deeply into my heart the principles of temperance. It has been the safeguard to my life. Ever since, I have thought of a pledge as a sacred thing, and gladly avail myself the opportunity of adding my name to every one offered me. And to be associated with a band of temperance people, is a holy, pure delight.—Nor does any one thing detract sooner from my esteem of a friend than to ascertain that he indulges in the use of ardent spirits even in a *fashionable* manner, and in the smallest quantities. To my mind, there is a lack of strength and purity—there is a disgrace connected with it that induces anything but favor in my sight.

You will pardon this digression and personal allusion; but I speak it because I consider that my feelings are all referable to the hour when my name was first appended to a temperance pledge. That was the embryo—



these feelings the blossomings. Judging by my own experience. I think it especially important that the minds of children should be early established with temperance thoughts and sympathies. To inculcate such, should be one of the grand points of a teacher and parent.

In 1829 the auxiliary societies numbered more than one thousand, no State in the Union being without one. The report this year announced the cheering facts that more than seven hundred habitual drunkards had been reformed, fifty distilleries had been closed, and four hundred dealers had been known to renounce the traffic for reason of conscience. In 1831 the report was still more cheering. More than one thousand distilleries had been stopped since '29, and one hundred and fifty vessels had sailed from Boston without any provision of spirits. More than three thousand societies were in correspondence with the parent Society, including 300,000 members. In 1832, says report, "more than 1000,000 of persons in the United States now abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors. That more than 20,000 persons are now sober that had it not been for the temperance movement, would have been confirmed sots. Fifty thousand children were released from the blasting influence of drunken parents; and one hundred thousand more from that paternal influence which tended to make them drunkards.

But while the good angel Temperance spreads its wings over our bright land, and fanned the brow of fallen manhood, bringing him back to his native purity, the old world—the parent of our miseries—slept on, regardless of the lava torrent that issued from this seething caldron—the volcano of intemperance. Nothing was done to check its progress until the year 1829 or '30, when the enthusiasm of the child was borne across the waters, and reached the heart of the parent. The first Temperance Society in Great Britain was formed at New Ross, in Ireland, and before the close of 1830 there were societies in Ireland and Scotland numbering more than fourteen thousand members. In Switzerland and Sweden similar societies were formed soon after. Thus the reform of 1811 became the star of Bethlehem to a world nearly overwhelmed in the pool of Intemperance.—It was the Shekinah not only to our bright nation, but to that of the old world.

After years of faithful toil, the temperance leaders succeeded in convincing the mass that the distilled poison was a powerful agent in the hand of Death for the destruction of the nations; and that the plagues let loose upon the land, blighting the physical, intellectual and moral, were attributable to the same source. Hence *excessive drinking* was becoming unpopular; and the use of liquors were restricted to certain occasions. In the culinary department it was still thought indispensable. The farmer thought it necessary in the hay field; at raisings the jug must be handed round; and a wedding would lose half its charm without "the wine cup sparkling to the brim." But in spite of all these contested rights, the prophetic vision beheld a sure promise of final triumph.

The year of 1841 ushered in a new era; like a meteor in dazzling brightness it shot over the moral firmament, and illumined the dark places, and *unlike* a meteor it vanished not, but shed its pure light on, on—and even now we feel its rays. One writer speaking of this period says, "That all those wonders which have been revealed in the pathway of science, and which have stamped this present

time, as the intellectual age of the world, are thrown into an eclipse as far as their practical good is concerned, when compared with the excellency of that grand moral invention, the principles of whose actions were discovered and whose machinery was set in motion by Hawkins and his compatriot." Again, he says, "if names and places should be perpetuated and known in connection with great achievements, if buildings and battlefields should be honored as the scenes of political and national triumph, then should the upper loft of that obscure building in the city of monuments be consecrated to the spirit of reform." The story of John Hawkins and his five associates, of his challenge to his companions to make the trial of total abstinence, their acceptance the joy of the family, and the results which followed, are too well known to need rehearsal.

I will but notice some of the results. Those six men had been excessive revellers in Bacchanalian pleasure—the world knew them as such; and what course would they pursue in order to convince the world of their absolute reformation, and also to induce others to "go and do likewise?" Acting from the same heaven-inspiring impulse that the soul just born in the kingdom of God, they went forth to proclaim the glad tidings of redemption from the awful curse of rum. They appointed meetings, related their experience and exhorted. The result was like the overflowing of a mighty river—like the upheaving of a volcano. Hundreds flocked to their stand and scores of the reformed left their homes to engage in the same holy mission. Experience meetings were the order the day.

The spirit of song caught the inspiration, and with magic power harmonized the stirring elements. John B. Gough, who by his eloquence has struck chords which are destined to vibrate as long as the immortal soul lives and triumphs, was snatched from a drunkard's grave, and has since won laurels that an angel might almost envy. Other heroic names are written upon the scroll of temperance, whose very mention stirs the fire of enthusiasm within our bosom, but it is unnecessary to repeat them here; for to you they are as familiar as "household words."

The next successful step towards the extermination of the Alcoholic family, was the organization of the Sons and Daughters of Temperance; and following in the same train are other Societies of various names; but all aim at the same grand results. These organizations are like the heaven.

But the last and most effective means for the final extinction of this blighting curse, *must* be the Prohibitory Law. In the days of Hawkins or the Mass. Society, such a law could not have been put in force; because its importance could not be made known: but now there is not a shadow of reason why such a law shall not have a national sway. The public is sufficiently enlightened both in heart and head. There is scarcely a man, woman or child in the land that is unconscious of its poisonous effects: for the established law that the iniquities of the fathers shall be visited upon the children into the third and fourth generation will be obeyed, as it has been with the most fearful certainty. It is not necessary that our forefathers should be drunkards in order to entail upon us disease—for a slight habitual indulgence will send the poison coursing through the veins of many generations. Doubtless many of us can testify daily to the symptoms of disease in our systems that we can with un-

doubted certainty trace back to the connection of some one of our ancestors, with this Alcoholic family. I know this to be true in my case. I am fully conscious of a share of this inheritance.

Brothers and Sisters of the Temple from my soul, do I hate this accursed stuff. When I think of the cups of happiness which it has turned into gall,—when I think of its chains by which we are irrevocably bound, and that it still must rest upon us like a blight and mildew all our days—I loath its very name.

But the age demands that its use shall be abolished; mighty forces are at work to accomplish this end; and before many years have passed, the head of this family must slumber in the dust forever. And after the lapse of a few more centuries, its bitter fruits will have passed away and noble, true manhood will be restored its original purity and glory. Let us then, as a pledged band, be faithful and hope; for though *our* eyes may not behold the promised triumph, those who follow us *will* live to see its radiant and glorious beauty.

#### She has Outlived her Usefulness.

Not long since a good looking man, in middle life, came to our door asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town, he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he said, "I have lost my mother, and as this place used to be her home, and my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him."

Our heart rose in sympathy, and we said, "You have met with a great loss."

"Well—yes," replied the strong man, with hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general; but our mother had outlived her usefulness; she was in her second childhood, and her mind was grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself, and was a burden to everybody. There were seven of us, sons and daughters, and as we could not find anybody who was willing to board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I've had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out, and that was more than three months before her death. But then she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us all up.

Without looking at the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and returned to the nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours—those little ones to whose ear no word in the our language is half so sweet as "Mother," and we wondered if that day could ever come when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness—she is no comfort to herself, and a burden to every body else!" and we hoped that before such a day would dawn, we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children. Rather let us die while our hearts are a part of their own, that our grave may be watered with their tears, and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial, we went to the sanctuary to pay our only token of respect for the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up—she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to every body else!" These cruel, heartless words rang in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled loud and long, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. One—two—three—four—five. How clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom; and of her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knees. Six—seven—eight—nine—ten—rang out the tale of her sports upon the green sward, in the meadows, and by the brook.

Eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen—spoke more gravely of school days, and little



household joys and cares. Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen—sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood, and the dream of early love. Nineteen brought before us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother, whose heart was full to bursting with the new strong love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood—of the love and cares, and hopes, fears and toils through which she passed during these long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty, each stroke told of the warm-hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children. Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize: but hark! the bells toll on—seventy—seventy-one—seventy-two—three—four!

She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another, so that no one place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive tones that after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in—that she must be sent, rather than invited, from house to house. Eighty—eighty-one, two, three, four—ah, she is now a "second child—now "she has outlived her usefulness, she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody," that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving and money-grasping children.

Now sound out, reverberating through our lovely forest, and echoing back from the "hill of the dead," eighty-nine!" there she lies now in the coffin, cold and still—she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little office. A look of patient endurance, we fancied also an expression of grief for unrequited love, sat on her marble features. Her children were there, clad in weeds of woe, and in irony we remembered the strong man's words, "She was a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect, and his hair was silvery white. He read several passages of scripture expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when gray hairs are upon him, and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and of dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Maker while in health, that they might claim him when heart and flesh should fail them. "Then," said he, "the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee the everlasting arms."

Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the coffin, he then said reverently, "From a little child I have honored the aged, but never till gray hairs covered my own head, did I know how truly how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow creatures. Now I feel it. Our mother," he added most tenderly, "who now lies in death before me, was a stranger to me, as all of these, her descendants. All I know of her is what her son told me to-day—that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty years ago, a happy bride—that here she passed most of her life, toiling as only mothers have ever strength to toil, until she had reared a large family of sons and daughters—that she left her home here clad in the weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children; and that till health and vigor left her, she lived for you, her descendants. You, who together have shared her love and her care, know how well you have requited her. God forbid that conscience should accuse you of ingratitude or murmuring on account of the care she has been to you of late. When you go back to your homes, be careful of your words and your example before your own children, for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them when you yourselves totter on the brink of the grave."

I entreat you as a friend—as one who has himself entered the "evening of life," that you may never say in the presence of your family nor of heaven, "Our mother has outlived her usefulness—she was a burden to us." Never, never: a mother cannot live so long as that! No; when she can no longer labor for children, nor yet take care of

herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their bosoms, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their natures.

Adieu, then, poor, toil-worn mother; there are no more sleepless nights, no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are part of the inheritance of the redeemed. Feeble as thou wert on earth, thou wilt be no burden on the bosom of Infinite Love, but there shalt thou find thy longed for rest, and receive glorious sympathy from Jesus and his ransomed fold.

#### Loved and Lost.

[Mr. Bradbury, editor of the New York Musical Gazette and Review, having recently lost a little daughter, thus touchingly alludes to the sorrowful event:

Kittie is gone. Where? To heaven. An angel came and took her away. She was a lovely child—gentle as a little lamb—the pet of the whole family—the youngest of them all. But she could not stay with us any longer. She had an angel sister in heaven, who was waiting for her. The angel sister was with us only a few months, but she has been in heaven many years, and she must have loved Kittie, for every body loved her. The loveliest flowers are often soonest plucked.—If a little voice sweeter and more musical than others was heard, I knew little Kittie was near. If my study door was opened so gently and slyly that no sound could be heard, I knew Kittie was coming. If, after an hour's quiet play, a little slim shadow passed me, and the door opened and shut as no one else could open and shut it, "so as not to disturb papa," I knew Kittie was going. When in the midst of my composing, I heard a gentle voice saying, "Papa may I stay with you awhile? I will be very still," I did not need to look off my work to assure me that it was my little lamb. You staid with me too long, Kittie, dear, to leave me so suddenly, and you are too still now.

You became my little assistant—my home-angel—my youngest and sweetest singing bird, and I miss the little voice that I have so often heard in the adjoining room, catching up and echoing little little snatches of melody as they were being composed. I miss those soft and swift kisses. I miss the little hand that was always first to be placed upon my forehead, to "drive away the pain." I miss the little knock at my bedroom door in the morning, and the triple good night kiss in the evening. I miss the sweet smiles from the sunniest of faces. I miss, oh! how I miss, the foremost in the little group who came out to meet me at the gate for the first kiss. I do not stoop so low, now, Kittie, to give that first kiss. I miss you at the table, and at family worship. I miss your voice in "I want to be an angel," for nobody could sing it like you. I miss you in my rides and walks. I miss you in the garden. I miss you everywhere; but I will try not to miss you in Heaven. "Papa, if we are good, will an angel truly come and take us to heaven when we die?" When the question was asked, how little did I think the angel was so near. But he did truly come, and the sweet flower is transplanted to a more genial clime. "I do wish papa would come home." Wait a little while, Kittie, and papa will come. The journey is not long. He will soon be "home."

A HAPPY HOME.—We fear there are but few happy homes in this world. We do know that if any connection be formed on any other basis than that of Christianity, there can be no permanent enjoyment. A happy home! How much is embraced in that sentence! how glorious and instructive! Alas, how rarely do we find one! We enter family circles daily where there seems to be mutual love and happiness. How little of it is real! It has been said that there is a skeleton in every house. How easy is it to destroy the peace and unanimity of home! One unquiet spirit may transform the calmest circle into a place of torment. A family circle resembles an electrical one—while all are similar in disposition, and governed by the same motives of mutual love, the current of love will flow free and undisturbed. Let there be introduced one foreign nature, and the circle is broken; and where all was harmony before, there is now chaos and confusion.—Prisoner's Friend.

#### The Influence of Books.

"Words are things; and a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, produces That which will make thousands, perhaps millions, Think."

So said Byron, and a solemn thought is embodied in the impressive lines. If every author would seriously consider it in all its force, the world would be immeasurately benefited.

The pen has been justly styled the arch-enchanter's wand, and it is of the highest importance that its potent influence should be given in favor of pure and lofty principles.

There is a strong craving in the public mind for books, and to meet the demand, the press teems with literary productions, as widely diverse in their character as the persons who will peruse them. Books of poetry, fiction, history, science, biography and travel, are multiplying with astonishing rapidity.

In the lordly hall of the rich and the humble abode of the lowly; in the railroad car, the steamer; the white-winged vessel that floats over distant seas—myriads are reading.

Who can estimate the influence that is exercised over them by the works in which they are so much interested? Who can form an adequate idea of the good results that might be effected, if authors would realize their responsibility! Could we realize the influence attending the perusal of every book, we should be a thousand fold more cautious in the selection of our reading matter. We do not always find error openly expressed, and the glorious imagery which genius creates—amid pleasant thoughts, and veins of sweet and touching pathos, it lurks like poison in the golden cup of some fragrant flower. O, let us be careful what we write, and what we read; let us seek for those works which inculcate pure and elevating principles, and we shall reap our own "exceeding great reward."

A CHILD'S THEOLOGY.—The children—bless their guileless hearts—are too deep for the deepest of us. Having adopted no formulas of faith, their notions of theology at times both startle and amuse the elder listener.

The other day a rosy-cheeked girl, just on the verge of four, was sitting on the floor in the midst of a variety of playthings, and giving expression to her happiness in little snatches of childish song, when suddenly she looked toward her mother and said, "If the Lord was here I would kiss him."—Then, after musing a moment, she added—"Is he a real pretty man?" After another slight pause she asked, with sudden interest, "Where's his house? Does he love little children?" The mother could not explain to the little girl where the Lord's house was, but she assured her darling that he did indeed love little children, much more than father or mother could.

THE YEW TREE.—Mrs. Stowe, in her new work entitled "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," gives the following description of the yew tree, of which we have read so much in English literature:

"Here in England, I think they have vegetable creations made on purpose to go with old, dusky buildings; and this yew tree is one of them. It has altogether a most goblin-like bewitched air, with its dusky black leaves and ragged branches, throwing themselves straight out with odd twists and angular lines, and might put one in mind of an old raven, with some of his feathers pulled out, or a black cat with her hair stroked the wrong way, or any other strange or uncanny thing. Besides this, they live almost forever, for when they have grown so old that any respectable tree ought to be thinking of dying, they only take another twist and so live on another hundred years. I saw some in England seven hundred years old, and they had grown queerer every century."